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COSM

Microcosm, the campus literary magazine at Copiah-Lincoln Junior College, is published twice each year. To encourage writing for the Spring Edition, the **Microcosm** staff sponsors each year a literary competition for high school students in this junior college district and for Copiah-Lincoln Junior College students. The high schools participating in this year's competition are Copiah-Lincoln High School, Crystal Springs, Franklin, Brookhaven, and Monticello High Schools, and Brookhaven, Adams County Christian School, Simpson, Copiah and Union Academies.

The staff wishes to thank all who submitted manuscripts to the contest. The first place junior division short story and essay and the junior division first and second place poetry appear in this volume. All the award winning senior division entries appear in this issue of **Microcosm**.

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NOTE -- in the fall edition of **Microcosm** Bill Sumrall's short story, "Angel of Death" was not properly credited.

Microcosm

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Mrs. Nell Henderson, instructor of English at Gulf Coast Junior College, Perkinston Campus, judged the college entries. In addition to her teaching, Mrs. Henderson is the Director of an annual Creative Writing Workshop held each summer on the Perkinston Campus. The **Microcosm** staff judged the junior entries.

Microcosm, because of lack of space, is unable to publish the following entries in the junior division:

Short Story

"The Sacred Search for Singing River" ..... Anthony Wood
South Natchez
Adams High School (2nd)

"The Awakening Fear" ..... Frank Brown
South Natchez
Adams High School (H.M.)

Essays

"Memories" ..... Linda Holloway
Monticello High School (2nd)

"Hey, Fatty!" ..... Amy Sproles
Brookhaven High School (3rd)

Poetry

"Lonely Trees" ..... Juliana Brassell
South Natchez
Adams High School (H.M.)

"Waltz" ..... Anita Weeks
Co-Lin High School (H.M.)

The Runner

It had been nearly two hours since his last rest stop, but still he ran smoothly. His breathing was regular, three short indrawn breaths to one long exhale. His feet slapped regularly on the asphalt as he moved steadily over the hills and valleys. As he ran, his mind drifted far away. He could no longer hear the patting of his own feet nor feel his arms swinging at his sides. Everything was automatic. He thought only of the past.

Only a few weeks before, he had been an ordinary college professor, ordinary in every way except that he was a runner. He loved to run and he had a natural gift for it. He was good. In fact, many considered him the best marathon runner in the United States. He had been making his last minute preparations for the Summer Olympics of 1982 only four weeks ago. He had been expected to win easily, but now these hopes had been dashed to bits.

He thought back to the first news of the attack. He had just gotten back from his morning run and was eating his usual eggs, pancakes, and grits. He turned the radio on and heard the news. The United States had been attacked. The Soviet Union had moved into United States territory and they were determined to stay. When the President threatened to use force, the Soviets struck first with nuclear missiles. The United States tried to counter the attack, but it had been too late. He remembered rushing to the fallout shelter where he had stayed for two weeks. Then, he received the call to go to Washington: the President wanted to see him. They ushered him into the long, black car and whisked him to Washington. When they arrived, they hustled into the ballroom of the White House. There he stood with two hundred other men. He saw several familiar faces, faces of runners like himself, men whom he had competed against. Before he could speak to any of them, the President walked in without even being announced.

He said, "Gentlemen, we are in a dire situation. As you know, we are in a nuclear war, but what you might not know is that we are in a conventional war also. The Soviets have not only killed many of our people and run the rest into fallout shelters, but they have also destroyed most of our planes and jammed our radio communications. They have agents and sympathizers around our country who have destroyed nearly every source of communication we have. Their satellites have jammed all radio waves, and the little fuel we have must go for our few ships and planes that remain. Therefore, gentlemen, I have called upon you and am asking for your cooperation. You assembled here today are the world's greatest runners and your country needs your help. We must be able to communicate with other parts of the country. You are our only chance. Some of you will die at the hands of Soviet agents, but without your help we will all die. If you are willing to help, please sign your name on the register placed at each door. Thank you."

He left, and each man signed his name as he filed out the door.

The runners were all housed in the White House or nearby hotels. All formality had been abandoned, and the President would come by to talk to the men every day. Meanwhile they ran and exercised all day in order to keep their strength. They were fed anything they asked for. Nearly every day another runner left Washington to carry orders to nearby military installations. Sometimes they returned, but most times they did not.

It had been fifteen days since he came to Washington to see the President. As he entered the large office, the President was thoughtfully looking out the window. He turned and said, "Sit down. I suppose you're wondering why so many runners have been used before you. Well, I know you're the best; I knew that the day would come when I'd need the best, and today is the day. We have received word that the Russians are going to launch missiles that could destroy the whole United States. We have similar missiles; in fact, they are the only ones we have left, but I have held off using them for as long as I could. Now, we have no choice. They are at a secret installation about fifty miles south of here. You must make the distance as fast as possible or it will be too late. They must be launched within eight hours. Good luck."

The young man made quick preparations and left. He knew he would have to hurry.

His mind floated from the recent past, that seemed to have been so long ago, to the present. He knew he was getting close to the base. The hills were getting steeper, and the air was getting thinner as he neared the mountains. He could feel the tiredness creeping over his body now. His legs were weak and rubbery. As he climbed each successive hill, he could feel the tearing pain in his right thigh, and then as he went down the other side, the steep incline propelled him forward, but at the same time made his feet pound even harder on the asphalt. The shock of each successive step traveled all the way up his spine and jarred his brain until his head pounded and he no longer thought of, or knew, anything except that he did not have time to rest. He just ran. He went up one hill and down the other. When he got to the top of one, he thanked God that he had slipped by the thing lying at the bottom that had tried to hold him back, and when he got to the bottom of the other side, he thanked God that he had slipped past the thing standing at the top which had pushed him down so fast it boggled his senses. But when he got past one hill, there was always another, or so it seemed. Finally he saw the last rays of the setting sun reflected off the giant missiles. He sprinted down the hill so hard that he did not even see the guard standing at the gate. He never slowed down when he reached the chain link fence but jumped and started climbing. As the guard ran to him, he lost his grip and plummeted back to earth. The guard lifted his head. The sweat streamed down the young man's face and dripped into his eyes. The blood vessels seemed to pop out from under the skin of his red face. His chest heaved. He panted, "Fire, Fire the missiles." Then he sighed deeply, and lay still.

Don Netherland
Brookhaven Academy

First Place Short Story
Junior Division

Blues

What are the blues?
Blues are the midnight holler of oppression
wrung from tortured life, the eternal sob.
Blues are the conjuring images of sweet,
greasy shanty days and delta nights.
Blues are the rickety chariot ambling
down country roads, swinging low and carrying
you home.
Blues are the "devil's" distillation of those
gospel moans;
Sat'dy night moonshine, and acoustic
guitar stomp, fish fry, hoe-down time, sparkling
in the sensual turmoil of pure Black life.
Blues are picking cotton from sunrise to
past sunset;
Blues are strolling up and down the
Mississippi road, never knowing where your
next meal will come from.
The Blues come from those hard times, those
hard mistreatin' times.
That's where the Blues come from!
I didn't walk into them, I was born
into the Blues.

Easter Calvit
South Natchez Adams High School
First Place Poetry
Junior Division

Saga of Ambition

I longed for money, power and social prominence.
I devoted my entire life to ambition - the dream of being "somebody."
I lost friends, happiness and love
in my struggle to attain this tarnished fantasy,
but I was recognized.

I angered many with my hypocrisy.
I trampled on some with greedy indifference.
I grew hardened in the face of criticisms.
I grew ruthless, when I found my success challenged,
but I became famous.

I impressed many.
I repulsed some.
My morals dissolved into living lies.
My dollars multiplied, my grip on society tightened, my word was law,
but I suddenly turned gray . . . and old.

Ambition was my guide to glitter and tinsel that had no meaning.
Ambition stole every pure dream I never knew I had.
Ambition was my one-way ticket to sheer loneliness and dispair.
Ambition bought me a well-engraved tombstone,
but failed to buy me any mourners.

Tammy J. Lyon
Crystal Springs High School
Second Place Poetry
Junior Division

The Uncommon Americans

The day the Mayflower landed at Plymouth Rock, the ideals of a new civilization were initiated. Through the years this institution has given its posterity an honorable and proud heritage, a heritage of liberty and freedom. The greatest aspect of this heritage is the people. To me, America is her people: the musicians, the poets, the sports heroes, the scientists, the patriots, the common people. These people are not usually the ones considered "great Americans," but they are the creators of this heritage.

One of the greatest American musicians was Louis Armstrong. Louie played his trumpet in an original way and blew himself into musical history. People almost everywhere loved this man, regarded internationally as an American goodwill ambassador, who could make anyone in any country love his music even if they couldn't understand a word that he spoke or sang. He considered himself an entertainer, and his sense of humor shone from him and shed light throughout the entire world.

Ogden Nash in poetry, as Louie Armstrong in music, was unique. For more than forty years, Ogden Nash wrote zany verse about the "minor idiocies of humanity." His writings were unconventional, witty, and hilarious. He admitted that he "maltreated and mishandled every known rule of grammar, prosody, and spelling." However, he also wrote: "I'm very fond of the English language. I tease it, and you tease only things you love." His gentle humor has taught the world to laugh, not just to laugh, but something far greater -- to laugh at itself.

In the world of sports, Babe Ruth became known to Americans as the "Sultan of Swat." With 714 career homeruns, the highest number of season homeruns, the most runs batted in, and the most runs scored in one season, the Babe helped popularize baseball. All fans, no matter what team they favored, loved Babe Ruth. One of his records has been broken, that one being lifetime homeruns. This was accomplished one year ago by a man named Hank Aaron. It has been said that if Babe had been there when homerun number 715 was hit, he would have cheered the loudest.

The symbol of twentieth century American technology is Neil Armstrong, the man who took "one small step for man and one giant leap for mankind," when, as the first man to place a foot on a celestial body which had until that day just been gazed upon by mortals, he reached a peak built by the lives, knowledge, and dreams of American scientists who dared think the unthinkable, dream the undreamable, and do the impossible.

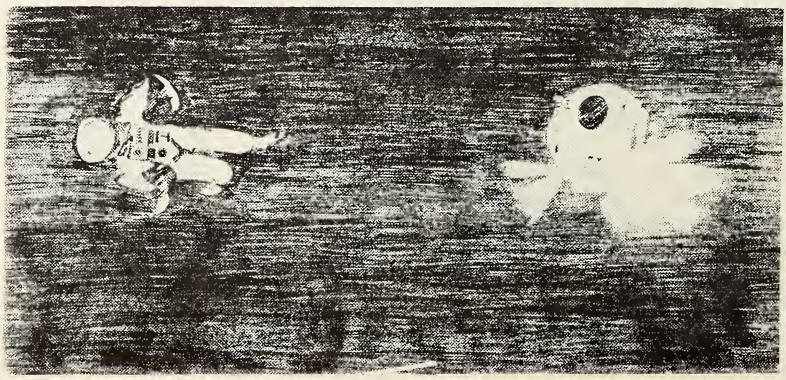
In politics, one name never to be forgotten is that of Robert F. Kennedy. Bobby Kennedy served America as Attorney General and

United States Senator. He had many ideals and dreams for his country. Although he died before he reached many of these dreams, his thoughts remain. This man's spirit can best be expressed by his own words: "Some men see things as they are and say, 'Why?' I dream things that never were and say, 'Why not?' "

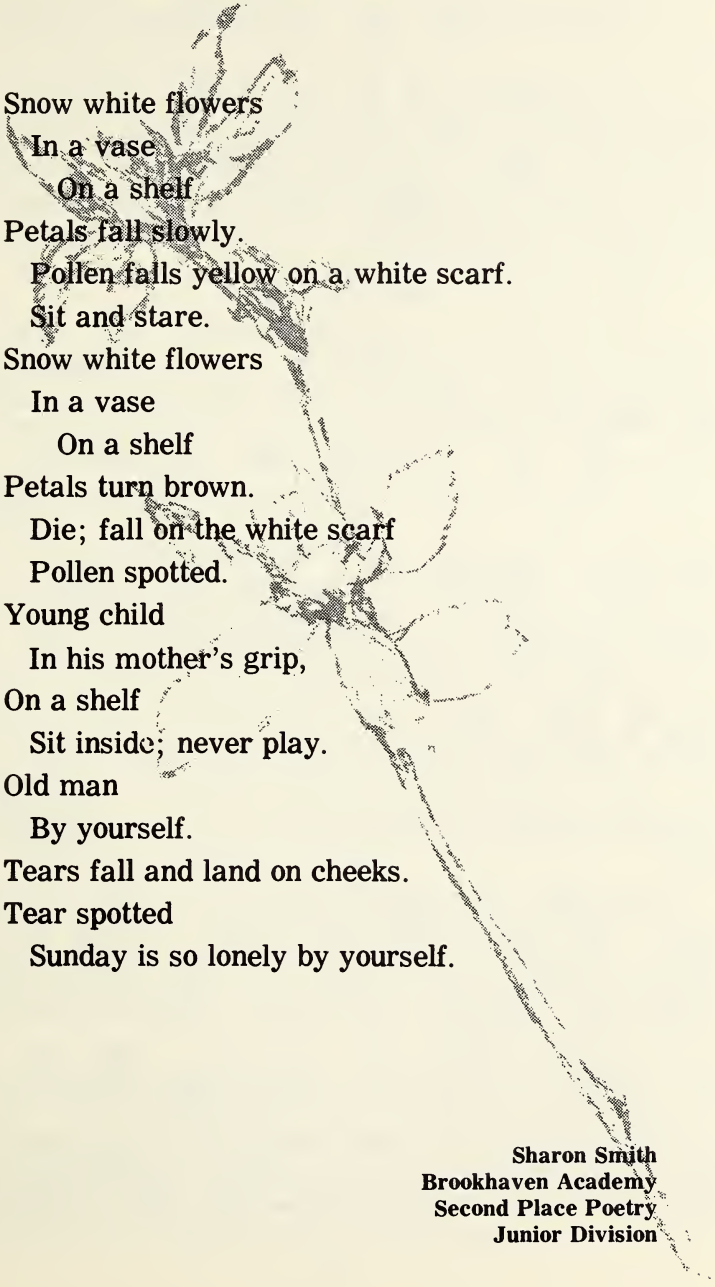
The last figure in this cross-section of uncommon Americans is Sarah Jane Peden. Born in 1876 in Kemper County, Mississippi, she has lived in this country for one-half its total lifetime. The only member of her family to escape the scourge of tuberculosis, Jenny married Eliab Eldridge and reared a family of seven children. Today, she tells her great-grandchildren stories of her childhood – like the time she put rocks in the bottom of her cotton basket to beat Sister Indiana at picking. This past Thanksgiving Day "Mama Eldridge" celebrated her one-hundredth birthday. I am proud to include my own great-grandmother in this list of great Americans.

To me, America means the privilege to live in a country that has produced all these great people, but also it is the challenge to each one of us to try to live up to these people and their ideals. Louis Armstrong lives on in our hearts and souls; he is no longer with us; he has vacated a place for another American with a dream. Ogden Nash has left his manner of verse and humor to a country only waiting for someone to use it to make others happy. Babe Ruth left his legend but also his records to be broken by someone ready to accept a challenge. Hank Aaron has retired, leaving his record for a person with a dream to look up to it and to strive for it. Scientific knowledge has advanced since Neil Armstrong's famous walk and America now seeks a person to go not to the moon but to Mars. Bobby Kennedy's ideals await a person to pick them up and carry them to their goal. It is for us, the people of America, to accept these challenges, to live each day to the fullest, show concern and love to the world, and create a dream to be passed on to future generations.

Donna Barnes
Adams County Christian School
First Place Essay
Junior Division



Sundays



Snow white flowers
In a vase
On a shelf
Petals fall slowly.
Pollen falls yellow on a white scarf.
Sit and stare.
Snow white flowers
In a vase
On a shelf
Petals turn brown.
Die; fall on the white scarf
Pollen spotted.
Young child
In his mother's grip,
On a shelf
Sit inside; never play.
Old man
By yourself.
Tears fall and land on cheeks.
Tear spotted
Sunday is so lonely by yourself.

Sharon Smith
Brookhaven Academy
Second Place Poetry
Junior Division

The Case of Captain James A. Anderson

It was beginning to get dark in the wheel house. Captain Anderson noted the weather report on the radio. They were about to be in for a rough time. "Mr. Scott," Captain Anderson called through the loudspeaker, "see that all the passengers are secure in their cabins. No one on deck after 1600 hours."

"Aye, Aye, sir," said Mr. Scott.

The cruise was now in its fourth day. Much was riding on this cruise. It had been four years since the trial but to Captain Anderson it seemed only yesterday that the National Maritime Board had placed him on probation, and now all the law suits that had been lodged against him had been dropped. He could still remember it very clearly. A storm had hit his ship at sea. It sank and only twenty people survived. The board said he could have done more to aid his passengers. Twenty people were in a five-man life raft with one canteen of water and enough food for only five people for maybe three days. Four people had been badly hurt and would not make it through more than a day and a half, two days at the most. Yet he had let them stay in the raft. He had made other passengers hang on to the sides of the raft and to each other. Five of the twenty were crew members. The captain himself had stayed overboard and clung to the raft.

The waves had begun to rise and the raft was taking water. They bailed what they could but the raft was sinking slowly. There were just too many people hanging to the small vessel. He could vividly remember the words of the board members.

"Captain Anderson, you should have eliminated your crew, the mortally wounded and yourself."

Only eight of the original twenty were living when the seaplane spotted them and picked them up. The following days consisted of one court proceeding after another. Of

the eight survivors, five had pressed charges of failure to maintain control in an emergency situation. His action, or lack of it, had caused deaths in each of the accuser's families. Mr. Jackson, who had lost his wife, claimed that Captain Anderson should have let her remain in the boat because she was not a good swimmer. Mrs. Williams had said if Captain Anderson had made some of the stronger survivors stay over the side, her mother would not have been knocked overboard during the struggle. And Mrs. James, how was he to know she was paralyzed in one leg and could not swim, but Mr. James had claimed that his wife should have been in the raft, not in the water. Two more of the survivors had said that if the captain had given proper warning and instructions they would have been able to obtain life vests for their families that could have saved them from drowning. Did they really blame him for what had happened? The courts had placed him on probation and stripped him of his rank of captain.

This was his first voyage since regaining his position in the maritime world as captain of a sea vessel. Once again he checked the weather data, relayed his position to the nearest land base, and slowly turned the collar up on his coat.

"All secure, sir," rang out Mr. Scott's voice. He had been a member of that ill-fated voyage four years before. Now once again they were sailing together.

Suddenly from out of nowhere came a wind of terrific force. Never had Captain Anderson felt the power of such force at one time. The ship began to toss violently. "Mr. Scott, all hands to emergency station," yelled Captain Anderson. With a sudden quickness the ship was hurled sidewise in the ocean, taking on much water. Captain Anderson was thrown through the windows of the wheel house. He came to when the cold water hit him in the face. He began to look around wildly for something to hold to. Was that a raft against the railing? Yes, a five-man raft. He grabbed the life raft as it went over the rail. Once in the water he climbed in and caught a man who had mysteriously come from nowhere. They untied the paddles and began to row away from the ship. Only then did Cap-

tain Anderson look to see who the other member was. "Mr. Scott," he said, "we have got to see if there are any more survivors." As suddenly as it had started, the gale ceased; the boisterous waves began to calm.

Spotting what looked like a person, they paddled to where it was and picked up Mr. Lewis, who was in shock, and Mrs. Lewis, holding their little boy. The boy had bad cuts over ninety percent of his body and Mrs. Lewis was exhausted. Hauling them aboard, they continued their search. One by one they began to pick up survivors. The last survivors were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jones. Mr. Jones wanted to remain in the water and give his place to his wife, but Captain Anderson pulled them both into the raft. It was after things became quiet that the irony of the situation hit the captain squarely in the face. In the same month, four years from the first incident, here he was in a five-man life raft with twenty people on or around it. He began to look at the faces in view. Five of the faces belonged to crew members.

No water and two or three little cans of dried food were all that was to be found in the tiny craft. Captain Anderson took immediate action. "All men of able body in the water and let the sick, the women and children in the raft." Only one child was present, Mr. Lewis's son. After reviewing the situation he allowed Mr. Jones to remain in with his wife. The Joneses were both eighty-eight years old and Mr. Jones was crippled in both legs.

Though the waves had subsided, darkness began to fall fast around them. A quick jog of his memory and Captain Anderson mentally plotted their last known location and knew they were one hundred fifty miles from the nearest land mass and in shark infested waters.

As quickly as the word shark entered his mind, some of the swimmers on the side began to yell, "Shark, Shark," which resulted in everyone climbing on to the raft. It began to sink, and immediately Captain Anderson began to knock the people back into the water. The cry was not false and with a blood-curdling scream a body disappeared from the side of the raft. Through the course of

the night, the cry would twice again be heard and then silence. When morning of the first day after the shipwreck arrived, only seventeen people were left in and around the raft. The sharks had taken three victims.

The little Lewis boy had died and Mr. Lewis was completely withdrawn from the reality of life and the situation. Mrs. Lewis had not ceased her crying since her boy had died and would not let go of his dead body.

Around noon the sun became a fiery ball. The passengers' mouths were parched and dry. One of the women survivors had hidden a canteen of fresh water. When she began to drink, everyone grabbed at the canteen. Captain Anderson, pulling a pistol he kept under his jacket, took the canteen from the woman. Giving Mr. and Mrs. Jones a swallow and attempting to get some down Mr. Lewis, he placed the canteen between his legs for safekeeping.

In the late evening the sharks were once again cruising in slow patterns around the tiny raft. Fighting off the panic stricken swimmers, Captain Anderson persuaded everyone to slap the water and make noise. This helped some but one brave shark refused to be frightened and came dashing in and out taking with him the leg of one swimmer. The swimmer was pulled into the raft and a frightened woman passenger had to take his place over the side.

After the third day, the small cans of food were gone and most of the water had been used. Captain Anderson knew a decision had to be made if there were going to be any survivors at all. The passengers began to pressure him to do something. He knew if all remained on the raft no one would live to see home again. On the other hand if some were eliminated there would be a fighting chance for the remainder to make it through.

Putting the question of what to do to the passengers obtained no positive results. Captain Anderson knew that it was up to him. Knowing the consequence of his actions, he picked up the dead Lewis boy and threw him over. Another passenger, who began to yell that he had more to lose than anyone else and he was going to survive if it meant killing everyone, grabbed Mr. Lewis and

dragged him overboard. The panic stricken man was turning to grab another passenger when Captain Anderson shot him. The passengers then began to shout for the crew to be left behind. The crew began to fight and curse among themselves.

The sea once again became boisterous and seeing the pained look on Captain Anderson's face, Mr. Scott jumped over the side and yelled, "It has been good sailing with you, Captain," and he slowly drifted away.

Blinded by hurt and loss of his friend and pressured by the passengers, the Captain, using a paddle, began to beat the crew membes one by one away from the raft.

The next to go was the swimmer who had had his leg torn off by the shark. Panic again overtook the passengers and they fought among themselves as to who would be the next to go. When yelling was to no avail, Captain Anderson fired a shot into the air to quieten the mob.

A hush settled over the raft, when Mrs. Jones said to her husband, "Albert."

"Yes, Martha," said Mr. Jones.

"Are you thinking the same thing I am?" asked Mrs. Jones.

Mr. Jones looked up at his wife, took her hands gently in his and said, "Let's do it quickly, Martha, and get it over with." Holding her hand tightly, he fell over the side of the raft with his wife close to his side. As the Joneses slowly drifted out of sight the passengers watched silently.

Only six remained of the twenty who had managed to escape from the stricken ship. They were now out of food and water, and all they could do was wait out the slow tortuous death from dehydration and starvation or the small possible chance that they would be found.

On the sixth day out once again the weather brought high waves and tearing winds. Captain Anderson told the remaining three women and two men that he was going over the side to give them every chance of riding out the storm without sinking. Just as he went over the side, a noise in the sky was heard. A rescue chopper had finally spotted the tiny vessel and survivors.

Fighting the high winds and waves, the rescue chopper picked up the five people in the raft. Just before giving up, and with the pleading of Mrs. Lewis, they spotted Captain Anderson. The pick-up was made and Captain Anderson was hauled aboard the chopper.

Three weeks after the rescue, the trial for Captain James A. Anderson was set. Captain Anderson sat with an ashen look on his face as his mind raced back four years ago to the very same courtroom, the same looks of mixed pity and contempt from the jury. One by one the five surviving passengers took the stand and gave their testimony. So far, four of them even though they suffered no personal family loss, condemned the actions of Captain Anderson while in the raft as being inhuman. Then Mrs. Lewis took the stand.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lewis, "I lost my husband and little boy in the incident. My boy was dead but my husband was living, from the standpoint of breathing anyway. But he was not really living, he was just a breathing vegetable. Had it not been for the actions of Captain Anderson, none of these other four who have accused him of murder, misconduct, and inhumanity, would be here to testify in the courtroom today."

After her testimony, the lawyers gave their closing arguments to the jury. The judge then instructed the jury to retire and decide on a verdict. After what seemed like hours, but in reality was only forty-five minutes, the jury returned.

"All rise, " said the bailiff.

The judge came in from his chambers and was seated. Everyone sat down and the judge asked if a verdict had been reached.

"Yes, your Honor," said the foreman of the jury.

"Will the defendant please rise and face the jury," said the judge. "Will the foreman of the jury please read the verdict?"

The foreman of the jury stood, faced the judge and very slowly said, "With a unanimous decision, we the jury find the defendant, Captain James A. Anderson. . ."

Tommy Douglas
First Place Short Story
Senior Division

American Introductions & White Sand Beaches

With sand flung in my eyes
I could only listen intently.

The sterness of the speaker smashing
his great white-caps on the shore,
The crashing of applause on the rocks
And young boys whistling like violent winds
through the palm trees.

Then the tide goes out.
The beginning of all that is
endless appears,
While american introductions and
I lie sleeping on the white sand
beaches of distant seas.

Gene Powell
First Place Poetry
Senior Division

An Analysis Of "To His Coy Mistress"

During the Puritan Period, great value was placed upon chastity. In "To His Coy Mistress," Andrew Marvell directly opposes Puritan beliefs. This poem shows a contrast between the main line of Puritan morals and a lover's proposition. The theme is traditional to European literature. It is the theme of "O Mistress Mine," of "Gather ye rosebuds," and of "Go Lovely Rose." Where the wit of Marvell renews this theme is in the variety and order of the images.[1] Marvell uses imagery, praise, humor and pathos to give this work vitality and to leave a lasting impression.

Before endeavoring to understand the poem from the writer's perspective, certain words should be defined by the definitions that Marvell intended them to have:

> **Coy** means reluctant and hesitant, with implications of a certain self-consciousness or insincerity, but it does not have the overtone it later acquired, of vapidity or cuteness. In our modern usage, a man's **mistress** is a woman with whom he has an established sexual relationship, but in Marvell's day the word denotes the woman to whom a man has pledged his love. The **vegetable** quality of the love that the poet imagines if the lovers had all the time at their disposal does not have the pejorative meaning we might now find in it, of being wholly dull, without sentinence; it refers to the power of growth and implies the vitality of livingness of the growing thing. **Quaint** did not have its modern meaning of something pleasantly old-fashioned but rather of something elegantly fanciful, with a touch of what we should call affection.[2]

Certainly Marvell's imagery adds to the charm and vitality of the poem. In the first section of the poem, note the lines "And you should, if you please, refuse until the conversion of the Jews . . ." Here, Marvell combines imagery with wit to communicate his point; imagery in that the lover would be willing to wait so long; wit in that he concludes that eventually the lady would give in. Evidently, his thoughts about the conversion of the Jews are the same, since the lines seem to infer that eventually the Jews will be converted.

To His Coy Mistress

Andrew Marvell — 1621-1678

Had we but World enough, and Time,
This coyness Lady were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long Loves Day.
Thou by the *Indian Ganges* side
Should'st Rubies find: I by the Tide
Of *Humber* would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood:
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the Conversion of the *Jews*.
My vegetable Love should grow
Vaster then Empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze.
Two hundred to adore each Breast;
But thirty thousand the rest.
An Age at least to every part,
And the last Age should show your Heart.
For Lady you deserve this State;
Nor would I love at lower rate.
  But at my back I alwaies hear
Times winged Charriot hurrying near:
And yonder all before us lye
Desarts of vast Eternity.
Thy Beauty shall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble Vault, shall sound
My ecchoing Song: then Worms shall try
That long preserv'd Virginity:
And your quaint Honour turn to dust;
And into ashes all my Lust.
The Grave's a fine and private place,
But none I think do there embrace.
  Now therefore, while the youthful hew
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing Soul transpires
At every pore with instant Fires,
Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
Rather at once our Time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapt pow'r.
Let us roll all our Strength, and all
Our sweetness, up into one Ball:
And tear our Pleasures with rough strife,
Thorough the Iron gates of Life.
Thus, though we cannot make our Sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

Reprinted from Mary Rohrberger and others, **An Introduction to Literature** (New York: Random House, 1968), pp. 426-427.

Of course, had Marvell compressed the phrase "till the conversion of the Jews" into **forever**, these lines would not weigh as heavily on the reader's mind. Quite frequently people use the word **forever** lightly; sometimes the term may mean a few hours, days or years. Yet, "till the conversion of the Jews" stresses the time element and insinuates that the couple does not have time to play their game.

Although some writers use a certain literary device only once in a work, Marvell remains consistent with his use of imagery. The last two lines of the second stanza declare "The grave's a fine and private place. But none, I think, do there embrace." These lines may be interpreted from the Puritan perspective. Perhaps the lady would readily consent if she could be positively sure that only she and her lover would ever know. So rather than wait for the unrealistic situation of the grave, the lover reasserts to the lady that another solution must be found.

Marvell, using still another example of imagery to illustrate the urgency of the lover's plea, suggests attacking the problem ". . . like amorous birds of prey." To the modern reader, this phrase may have unpleasant connotations, but to Marvell's contemporaries, it would have brought to mind the falcon, a noble and beautiful animal used by the aristocracy in hunting.[3] This interpretation may help the reader attain a more lasting impression of the poem.

Surely Marvell injects additional vitality into the poem as he praises the lady. Where is the young girl, now as in Puritan times, who would not remember such praise as "An hundred years should go to praise Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze" or "two hundred years to adore each breast, But thirty thousand to the rest"? In reality, these lines may have been mere flattery. In support of this theory, it may be cited that even though the lover has not made a proposition up to this point, he is leading up to it -- and certainly he hopes for her compliance.

A bit of humor is in the poem, though at the first reading the reader may overlook it. The humor begins with the exaggeration of time and directs attention to both the lady herself and to the conventions of courtly love.

The lover says that the lady deserves to be wooed according to this convention, then goes into minute detail to explain how much time might properly be given in praise of each of her charms. In this teasing absurdity, we hear a note of solemnity, even of fear; the reference to **so much** time - to the long procession of centuries and ages which is to culminate in the "last age" -- cannot fail to be awesome. Yet it yields no more than a faint undertone to the humor with which the lover teases his lady.[4]

This teasing comes to an abrupt end, however, when the lover mentions "Time's winged chariot" and the death it is bringing. At first, time appears vaguely but later projects a definite threat. It has taken on an urgent meaning. The lover seems to be saying, "It's now or never! Time is rushing in on us!" This makes the tone of the lover seem brutal, even demanding. Here pathos catches the attention of the lady and the reader and gives the poem added vitality.

Thus Andrew Marvell accomplishes a goal many writers only seek. He gives mystic grandeur to the simple theme of Herrick's "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may."[5] Marvell uses both imagery and praise to capture the lady's attention, humor to make her heart light, and pathos to make her realize the gravity of his plea. He makes a moving affirmative argument to the lady to sway her to do his bidding. While making an effective argument, Marvell accomplishes yet other feats – the tasks of giving the poem vitality and leaving a lasting impression on the reader.

[1]T. S. Eliot, **Selected Essays** (New York, 1932), p. 253.
[2]Lionel Trilling, **The Experience of Literature** (Garden City, New York, 1967), pp. 839-840.
[3]Eliot, p. 254.
[4]Eliot, pp. 254-255.
[5]Tucker Brooke, "The Renaissance (1500-1660)," in **A Literary History of England**, ed. Albert C. Baugh (New York, 1948), pp. 668-669.

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Michael Cupit
First Place Essay
Senior Division

Like Mother, Like Daughter?

"Catrice, my darling, I hardly knew it was you! You have come out so extrordinarily since the time I saw you as a scrawny fourteen-year-old, but keep working, Doll. There's still room for improvement. Where is that gorgeous Lydia? I have seen her only once tonight, but I know it's difficult for her to plan her time around all her gentlemen admirers. It must be quite embarrassing for you, Angel, with your mother getting more attention than you. Oh, Maurice!"

The woman wore a bright red, slinky gown that was much too young for her and definitely not her color. Because of the woman's bad taste, Catrice found it much easier to block her insulting remarks out of her mind. After the woman had rushed off in an attempt to charm one of the eligible businessmen bachelors at the party, Catrice pushed through the crowd, retrieved her wrap from the closet and slipped out into the night air. No one would miss her until the party was over and she would simply tell her mother she decided to make an early night of it. She walked the five blocks home instead of taking a cab. It would give her a chance to get her circulation going.

Thoughts of the night rushed through Catrice's mind. The smoke had choked her; the smell of the drinks had sickened her; and the artificial people had disgusted her. She had had no desire to attend the social function, but it was the thing to do because she was the daughter of Lydia Filmont, the star of the society column, heiress of the fabulous Filmont Enterprises, the lady with the fine upbringing, the scholar of the finest English schools, and the mother of an awkward little girl that society is attempting to drag along her mother's path.

As soon as Catrice was inside her house, she began unzipping her dress and kicking off her heels. How could anybody dress like this more than once a year, she thought. After sliding into her robe and curling up in her favorite

chair, she began to think of the fall that was fast approaching. With distaste she tried to imagine how school at that fancy woman's college was going to be, and why she had to go there just because her mother did. Why? Why can't I go to the state university and take up merchandising so I can open my own little boutique and live in an apartment of my own with a big, beautiful Irish Setter? While pondering these questions that had been lingering in her mind for months, bits and pieces of conversation began to creep into her thoughts. "Of course you'll go to school there, Child. Lydia did, didn't she?" "When you go into business with your mother . . ." "Take more care with yourself, Dear. My, Lydia would never be caught looking like that."

It was nearly too much to bear. How she detested those horrible people who tried to run her life and who were constantly comparing her to her mother. The feeling for them was slowly turning to hate because of the many things she was required to give up in order to meet the demands of those self-righteous, molded people who were walking replicas of some other person in another place and time.

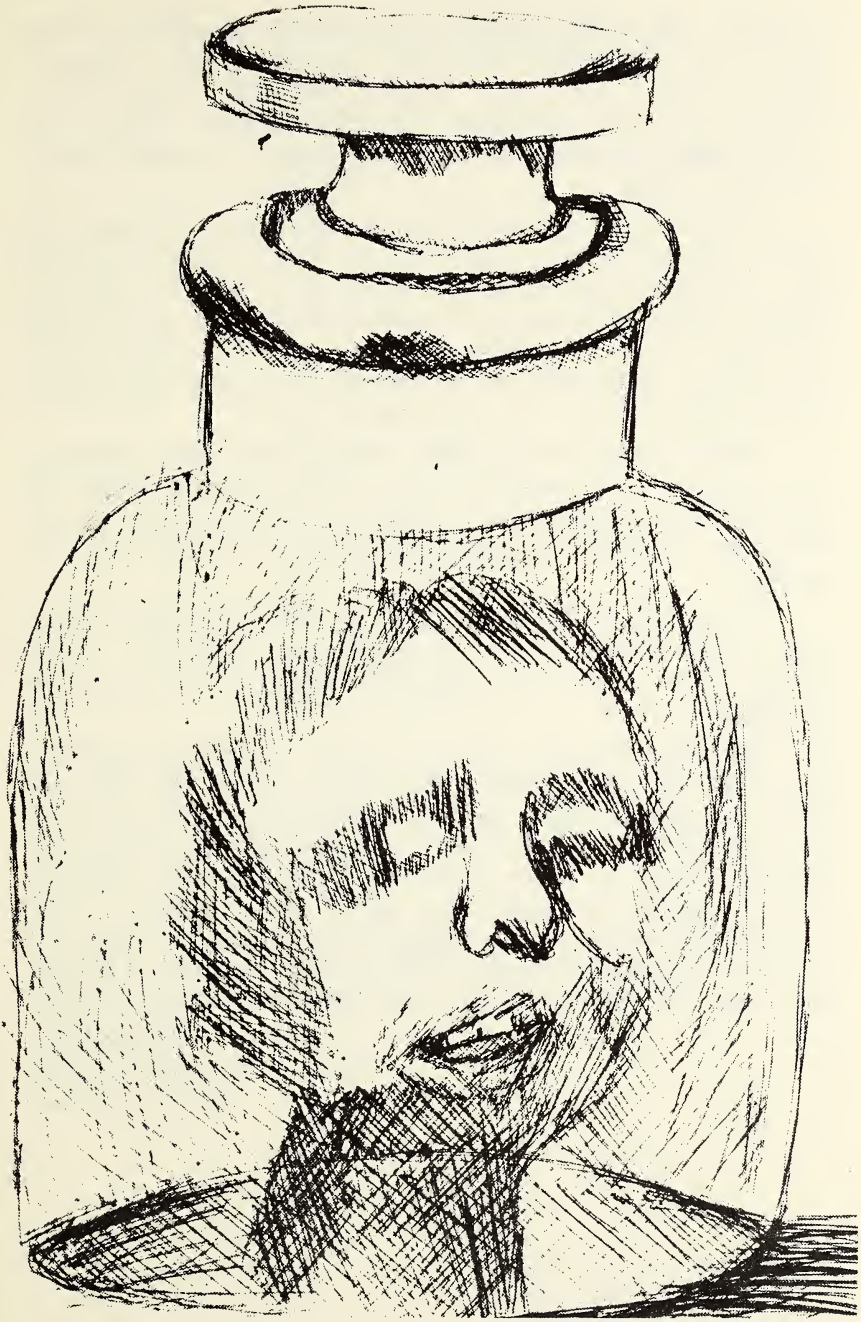
In the quiet serenity of her bed, Catrice promised herself to be loyal to herself, her beliefs and her plans she had had ever since she was a little girl. Sweet childhood memories came flooding back and for a moment she relived a happy time on her father's knee. It was then she remembered the doll he had given her for her birthday many years ago. Where is Mandy, she wondered. Mandy is a special doll and I need her now to talk to. Automatically, Catrice went to the basement and rambled through numerous boxes to find her doll. Sitting cross-legged on the cold floor in the dark, she poured out her beliefs, fears, and intentions to the battered, play-worn doll.

"Mandy, why did Daddy have to go away so soon? I was only six years old when he died. Nothing seemed to be wrong with him, but he fell into a heap on the living-room carpet one night after having a drink with Mama." Suddenly a new discovery penetrated Catrice's mind and she was lost in her childhood. Carefully, she smoothed the

creases in the doll's dress, pulled her to her face and kissed her cheek . . . ."My goodness, your dress needs changing. It's been days since I've changed you. Just a minute. Let me wash your dirty face and comb your hair, and then we'll see about getting a new dress. O. K.? Why were you in that stuffy old box anyway? No wonder you're dirty!" The smile left Catrice's face as she held the doll at arm's length and revealed her frightening feelings to her baby. "Mandy, Mama killed my daddy! I know she did. She wanted him to go away. I know it! I know it was because of her horrible family business that she was always taking time with. She was greedy and mean! And her men -- one of those big businessmen always coming home with her. They made her happy. She never missed Daddy at all, but my life was never the same after he died -- after she killed him! Mandy, I have a secret. My mama is a wicked woman and everybody wants me to be like her -- just like her, and I don't want to be. She doesn't need to be here with us. One day me and you will make her go away -- won't we Mandy? Then I won't have to be like her 'cause she won't be here."

With doll in hand Catrice returned to her bed and stared at the ceiling. A door opened and the sound of laughing and stumbling trickled under the door. She covered her head with her pillow in determination not to hear the all too familiar sound of her mother and her company. When this attempt was fruitless she arose from her bed to try another means.

Catrice awoke to the sound of sobbing, loud speaking and running about. She jerked on her robe, ran to the master bedroom, and saw three police officials, the woman in the slinky red dress, and photographers. The woman was shaking and harsh sobs came from her throat. At last Catrice's eyes fell upon the camera's subject and she slowly comprehended what was wrong. Her mother and a man she had only seen at the party were lying on the bed in a pool of blood. Catrice's body seemed made of stone. Her limbs refused to move; her lips refused to speak. One of the officers went to her and asked, "Miss, are you her daughter? Can you tell me anything that happened? Did you hear anything?" He then saw the doll



dangling from her hand. A few silent moments passed before Catrice spoke with the voice of a child, "This is Mandy. She's my baby. Would you like to hold her? Mandy, go to the nice man. Don't be afraid." With a nod of the head the officer ordered the woman to lead Catrice out of the room.

The sound of a siren blast woke Catrice. She did not know where she was and even the fresh white sheets of the ambulance gave her no hint as to where she was. Words which she had no control over burst forth from her lips. "Catch who killed my mommy! I love my mommy! Please help her! My daddy will be sad if she doesn't come home."

"Shhh! It will be all right, Darling. I'm Mrs. Garrety. I'm here to take care of you." The woman, who had slipped into Lydia's house to satisfy some hunches of her own, was grateful to Catrice for reasons known only to herself.

The death report read: Cause of death, gunshot wound. The police report read: murder. The headlines read: Lydia Filmont and lover, Maurice Claireton, die at hand of daughter.

The lady from the party gazed at Catrice's eighteen-year-old body possessed with a child's mind. Shaking her head she spoke softly, "Poor Catrice, poor, poor child. I can't understand what caused it. She had everything she wanted. What a waste. Lydia is gone and her daughter is not capable of taking her place. Poor, helpless little Catrice. She will never be like her mother. What a shame."

The ambulance made a sharp turn and passed a sign that read: WESTMINISTER ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.

Wanda Cone
Second Place Short Story
Senior Division

Communication

I relate
to you my energy.
You
absorb it,
analyze it,
and regenerate it.

We converse
like two-way radios.
One
cannot function
without the other.

I am
like a parasite
Feeding
on your presence;
So feed me
Or let me die.

Barbara Sutton
Second Place Poetry
Senior Division

Nessus and "The Truth"

Before the Trojan War, a confused historian conceived the wrong idea for the death of the most famous and so-called wisest centaur, Chiron. From your memory of ancient history, you will recall that Heracles supposedly killed Chiron by accident, but this is incorrect. The following account will prove it false.

In ancient northern Greece, a few years before the Trojan War, it was reported that a drunken centaur attacked the bride of the king of Lapiths. He was instantly killed. This was the beginning of the end of almost all centaurs; it was also the bud from which bloomed the origin of Nessus and "The Truth."

The drunken centaur, who was not drunk at all, had been insulted by a high officer in the Lapithian army. In searching for proper disciplinary action, he came before the king but never voiced his case. Consequently, he was roped, lashed, later skinned alive, and burned at the stake -- a cruel death for such a worthy and outstanding centaur. Worthy? Just on what grounds was the centaur classified worthy?

This particular centaur taught elementary courses such as algebra, analysis, trigonometry, and calculus at none other than "The School of Centaurs." Now it is beginning to come together. Everyone knows that Chiron taught as well as supervised everything at the school. At this time there was a vacancy which needed to be filled. Nessus, the hero, having just completed his education, applied for the vacancy. Chiron readily accepted his application because of his excellent qualifications.

As the days, months and years passed, Nessus grew in his work and gained greater popularity among the students. He soon became so popular that often the young men attended his class, skipping that of the great Chiron. However, Nessus often strayed from the stern teaching of mathematical subjects. Because of this "straying," he was slowly and surely destroying Chiron's reputation for wisdom. Soon "The Truth," as it was labeled, was discus-

sed far and wide as was the teacher who had stepped from the "straight and narrow."

This practice of Nessus did not catch Chiron napping. Each day he showed more hatred for this new teacher. Many agreed that Chiron was being affected by the worst demon from Pandora's Box -- Jealousy.

Some historians agree that Chiron taught Achilles, but they have scored another miscue. It is true that Chiron developed formal education, but this education would have been of no use without the initiation of ideas by Nessus. Chiron, incensed over losing his student to the teaching of "The Truth," had to find a way out and fast. He went to Ares and with his eloquent oratory easily persuaded him of the danger of Nessus and "The Truth." Chiron knew now that his reputation would be secured.

What Chiron did not know was that Athena, like a guardian angel, warned Nessus of plots against his life. She recognized his greatness as a teacher and revealed to him that she had plans for him to live in the far future -- fulfilling his obligations to youth.

Before leaving for the distant future, Nessus wrote a letter explaining that he must leave because of the actions taken by Chiron. He sealed the letter and sent it to his student, Achilles. Then Athena, with the help of Kronos, stopped time and allowed Nessus to enter a time warp -- only to come out in the future time.

When Kronos started time again, Achilles received the letter from Nessus. He was startled by Ares and Chiron's plans. Hatred swelled in Achilles' heart. However he had eventual revenge with the help of Heracles' arrow.

Aha! Now, the light! History falsely accused Nessus of abusing Heracles' wife, and because of this Heracles supposedly killed Nessus. So now even though the centaurs tried to hide the truth of this entire happening, the name of Nessus still remained in ancient history although it is often mistaken for that of Chiron. Historians can no longer record the death of these two figures from the same arrow of Heracles as being just a coincidence.

Still many questions remain unanswered! Where is Nessus? What became of the centaurs? Where did the constellation "Centaur" or "Sagittarius" come from?

As mentioned in the beginning, Chiron was killed supposedly by accident. In his memory and as a reminder to all centaurs of this happening, Zeus had Chiron changed into a constellation and placed in the sky.

The Lapiths, with growing hatred and jealousy for the centaurs, attacked and destroyed the entire race. A terrible massacre! and almost genocide! Why "almost"?

In a far-off western continent in 1977 A.D., Nessus arrived in the mind of a youth and taught him "The Truth." When he believed "The Truth," Nessus became a living, breathing being. He now is an outstanding example of the veracity revealed in this story.

Certainly there has never been a teacher so influential, a leader so capable, nor a soul so dedicated to his work as Nessus. So -- let history now correct its account.

Finis

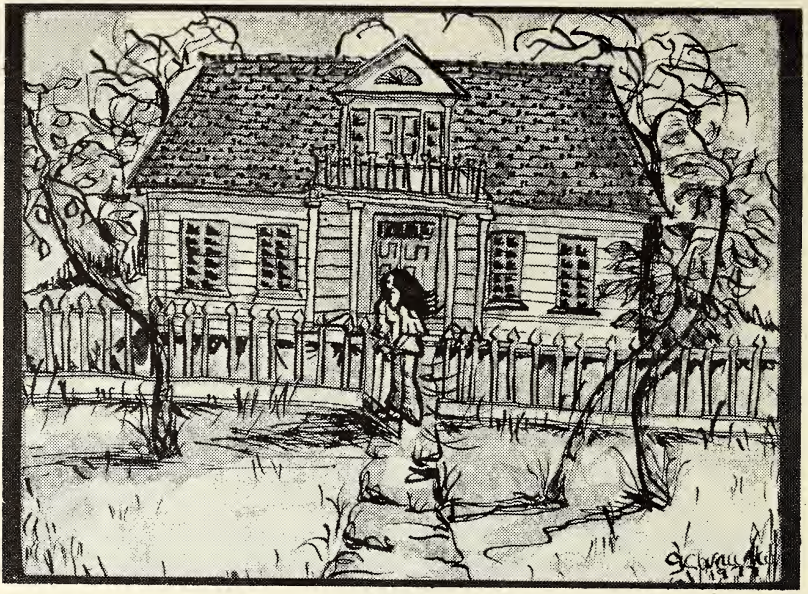
P.S. The historical references in this story were "sewed" together in such a way as to prove their veracity. The author would also like to acknowledge a very good friend who planted the "seed" for this account.

Joe Brown
Second Place Essay
Senior Division

Intermittent Lovers

Intermittent lovers come in sometimes
between the months
and
outside the years.
Intermittent lovers paint pretty pictures
and draw sunny lines.
They make life adventuresome
and somehow daring,
for who would dare to love,
knowing that the love
is to be discontinued
as soap operas are.
Intermittent lovers create sometimes
conflict,
turmoil,
confusions,
in feelings already established
because they are loving
in a sense
extremely loving.
But anyone so desperate as to
accept an
intermittent lover
deserves to be loved
if only for a little while.

Vera Minor
Honorable Mention Poetry
Senior Division



The Gathering

The first thing Cheryl and I did when we returned from our vacation in Europe was to plan a gigantic homecoming celebration for ourselves. And why not — we'd been absent nearly a year.

I remember Cheryl saying this time last year, "Ed, you won't believe this, but we've won an entire year's expense-paid vacation to Europe!" I didn't believe it at first, yet there it was in black and white. My wife's sweepstake ticket number had won.

But now it was all over. Time to sink back to earth from cloudy climes. First, though, one last celebration. So as my wife wrote, addressed, and posted invitations to all our neighbors up and down Millers Street, I caught up on local happenings in the village newspaper.

It seems that the local cemetery had been desecrated: several graves had been opened and bodies were missing. I was scanning the article when my wife slammed the door on her way out to the post office. It gave me quite a turn, the door slamming that way. Cheryl can be annoying at times, but never on purpose. But it was nothing compared to the shock I received reading the rest of the article.

* * * * * *

Cheryl Atlock lingered at their cottage gate, her dark brown locks pushed back from her eyes as she took a long, satisfied look west down Millers Street, where the street ended at the cemetery's gate. It was good to be home, she thought. The final stage of the plan was working beautifully. She smiled to herself as she turned her steps east toward the village post office.

* * * * * *

I told my wife about it after she returned home and, of course, we canceled all celebration plans. All our neighbors, from Mrs. Groggins at the east end of Millers Street to the Jenkinses, who lived at the west end just next door, were dead. Within the year we'd been away, every single person up, down, and across Millers Street had died and had been buried at the local cemetery.

The Jenkins family, next door, had been the first to go. All six -- husband Bill, wife Laura, grandparents Alice and Jim, and two children, Mary Alice and Jimmy -- had burned to death in an auto smash-up November 1. Only one day after we'd left for Europe. Then Miss Greer -- single, 21 year old typist and first time away from the home nest -- had been coshed on her way home to Millers Street November 25 by an unknown mugger. She never regained consciousness. Obviously the amateur mugger had used too little brain behind too much force in sandbagging her. Next, Mrs. Groggins -- who lived alone at the end of the street and was nearly 90 -- caught pneumonia and died in her bed January 2. She was buried wearing her gold-framed, thick-lensed eyeglasses that always made her blue eyes huge and staring. Larry Shere, the insurance salesman, had died in a plane crash -- without benefit of flight insurance -- April 1. John and Linda -- the newly married couple who lived across the street between Shere and Mrs. Groggins -- killed each other May 8. John, only wishing to surprise Linda, had come back early from a business trip. He got his wish. Linda, her head full of Miss Greer's death rumors, thought he was a prowler, shot him dead, then fell downstairs while trying to get help. She had broken her neck in the fall. Finally, our other next door neighbors, the Wilsons, had died -- first Mr. Wilson of a heart attack July 10, then his wife of natural causes (or perhaps just a broken heart) on July 21.

It all seemed too crazy to be true. But their deaths were not the frightening part. Nor that the newspaper article had reported that all the bodies missing were our former neighbors. The really insane, scary part was that among the graves reported to be descecrated were Cheryl and Edward Atlock's graves. They had died, reportedly, shortly after returning from a trip to Europe.

Of course, it was mad -- the date of our reported deaths told us that. The article was dated October 29, the day we returned -- our deaths dated at October 31. Our newspaper may be a remarkable one for just a village publication, but it can't foretell the future, as it seems to have done. Or perhaps it was a gruesome mistake. After all, so many graves, a mix-up at the editor's desk, and the Atlocks not available to verify if the reporter reported two graves too many in an eager effort to empty Millers Street entirely.

This, needless to say, bothered me all night. I couldn't sleep. Cheryl slept quite soundly, however.

Matters were not better on the morning of October 30, when we received handwritten replies to our invitations from all the dead neighbors, all accepting our gracious offer of a celebration at 9:30 Halloween night.

We were stunned. All we did the rest of that day was unpack, wondering who could have played such a ghastly practical joke. I thought of phoning the constable or the village newspaper office to register a complaint. As it happens, I almost phoned neither because Cheryl thought my uneasiness would appear foolish to others, going as ridiculously far as to say not to believe everything I read in the newspaper. However it was for her very attitude that I did ring up Johnny Cowley at his editor's office.

"Indeed I do remember the article, Mr. Atlock," Cowley's voice buzzed in my ear, "yet I dare say it must be the prank of a sick mind as I don't recall your and your wife's names listed. I don't think the letter is worth bothering the constable about either — you'd just become bogged in red tape."

But "bother the constable" I then proceeded to do; only we were disconnected just as I started to explain.

Cheryl, carrying a pair of broken scissors and a bag of butter-scotch candy, walked into the den where I sat. "Could you open these for me, dear?" she asked. "I dropped the scissors and I'm afraid of breaking a nail in the bargain. Who were you calling just now?"

I told her of the two calls and she tsk tsked my worrying while pouring the candy into the bowl.

* * * * * *

Johnny Cowley replaced the receiver in its cradle, wondering as his hand rested there if he should call Cheryl. No, best continue according to plan. Good thing he telephoned me first and not the constable's office. They would have thought the poor chap mad. Johnny Clowley leaned back in his desk chair and chuckled at his little joke. Why, he mused, that was the whole point of their plan.

Then his head, jerked violently by the single blow, bounced once on the hardwood floor and wobbled into a far corner, bodiless.

* * * * * *

October 31 dawned bleakly. A storm was brewing in the south, promising a tempest at nightfall. Cheryl spent the day cleaning and straightening up our cottage. Gray clouds billowed low in the sky outside the windows all morning. Toward afternoon, blackness crept into the clouds' grayness. Cheryl was setting everything in order, as if she expected company to call.

That unnerved me. I went out for a short walk, knowing full well I'd probably be chased back to our cottage by the rain.

As I walked west past the Jenkins house, I felt an irresistible urge to keep walking. Up ahead, Millers Street ended and the local cemetery began . . .

* * * * * *

"Ed! You're positively soaking! Where did you wander off to -- didn't you know it was going to storm?"

"Sorry, dear," I explained. I treaded quickly upstairs to our bedroom to change.

The wind screamed around the windows of our cottage, and the thunder grumbled darkly as I changed to dry clothes. My mind was full of that hideous cemetery and what I had seen there.

All the dead neighbors' graves were open pits, some

with coffins still in them but broken open from the inside out.

The inscription on the stone over our open graves simply read:

CHERYL AND EDWARD ATLOCK
OCTOBER 31

Our graves had been freshly dug . . .

The hall clock downstairs chimed 9:00. Had I been gone that long?

"Cheryl," I called. No answer. I went downstairs, buttoning my dry blue shirt as I went.

I noticed that the entire cottage was spotless as I walked through room by room, trying to locate my wife. I didn't find her. The clock chimed 9:15.

I went into the den and sat down on the sofa to think. Idly, my hand played in the bowl of butter-scotch candy, scooping up the candy pieces and dropping them one by one back into the bowl.

The clock chimed 9:30. My wife entered the den.

"Ed, what are you doing?" she asked.

"Where were you - I looked all over . . ." I began.

There was a knock on the front door.

"I'd mopped up the mess you made coming in from your walk and stepped out the back door to wring out the mop," she explained, grabbing up the candy bowl and heading for the front door.

"What are you doing," I yelled suddenly. "Get away from the door!" I jumped up from the sofa and headed upstairs. My shotgun was in the bedroom closet.

"Really, Edward," my wife called to me. "It's only the 'trick or treaters'."

Again the knocking.

"I don't care, just don't open that door until I come down," I commanded over my shoulder.

From upstairs in our bedroom, I heard my wife's voice call yet again. "Ed, come and see out the window — the costumes are really quite clever . . ."

And that's when I heard the sound of the front door being ripped right off its hinges and my wife's unearthly howl of surprise . . .

Bill Sumrall
Honorable Mention, Short Story
Senior Division

Evolution or God

Sometime during the 1800's, a man named Charles Darwin introduced to the public a new philosophy of how the world began, called the evolution theory. In short, it states that one day all of a sudden the earth appeared from a glob of mass floating out in space with all the land, water, and air in place for life. Then one day an organism in the ocean went ashore and turned into a frog; then the frog turned into a monkey; the monkey into a gorilla, and finally the gorilla turned into man. Other organisms turned into other forms of life; then one day Evolution perfected the world and everything in it. This theory is like a few pieces of metal lying close together which one day got together and formed a watch, or a car, or a television, or something. If a scientist tried to teach this theory about the evolution of the watch, he would probably be the laughing stock of this nation because everyone knows that someone had to make the watch.

I think Darwin's theory is as improbable as the "watch theory" and science recognizes this in its own second law of thermodynamics that states matter becomes more dispersed, while evolution of life by natural means calls for the opposite -- the organization of matter. Science will admit, if it is open-minded, that a higher Being created the earth and everything in it, and this Being is God. If anyone truly wanted to know how the earth was created, and not just hypothesize, all he would have to do would be to read the first few chapters of Genesis, where is found exactly how the earth and everything in it was created. Yes, God could have let evolution take place if He had wanted to; however, if evolution were true, these first few chapters would have read something like chapter one of Matthew, which gives a list of Jesus' ancestors. So, if evolution had taken place, the first few chapters of Genesis would be somewhat like this: the Paramecium evolved from the Euglena, the oak tree evolved from algae, birds evolved from reptiles, and finally man evolved from the monkey; but Genesis does not read like that. It states matter-of-factly: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

In a biology class one day we had a discussion on this subject, and one student asked the professor why science teaches a theory like evolution that has been around for only a couple of hundred years instead of information that is inspired by God. Well, the professor came back with "How do you know Darwin's theory is not inspired by God?" The student did not know what to say, and I was bothered for a few days. As I continued to think about it, I believe I found the answer to why Darwin's theory is not inspired by God. Darwin's theory contradicts the Bible, and tbe Bible contradicts the theory; how can one document inspired by God contradict another one supposedly inspired by God? It cannot because we would not know which one to believe. And yet this class is but an example of the closed-mind attitude of teachers of evolution. According to Dr. Thomas Dwight of Harvard University: "The tyranny in the matter of evolution is overwhelming to a degree of which the outsider has no idea."[1]

Additionally, some paragraphs in Genesis and other parts of the Bible further refute evolution; for example, evolution theorizes birds evolved from reptiles, but the Bible records that God created the birds before the reptiles. Again, evolution claims man evolved from the monkey, but the Bible states God created man in His (God's) own image and mentions not one thing about monkeys turning into man. Because God made man in his own image, Adam was a human being then just as we are today -- with emotions, intelligence and a soul. I know this because I believe the Bible, and it states:

> The scriptures tell us that the first man, Adam, was given a natural human body, but Christ is more than that, for he was life-giving Spirit. First then, we have these human bodies and later on God gives us spiritual heavenly bodies. Adam was made from the dust of the earth, but Christ came from heaven above. Every human being has a body just like Adam, made of dust, but all who become Christians will have the same kind of body as his -- a body from heaven. Just as each of us now has a body like Adam's so we shall some day have a body just like Christ's. I Corinthians 15:45-49, L.B.

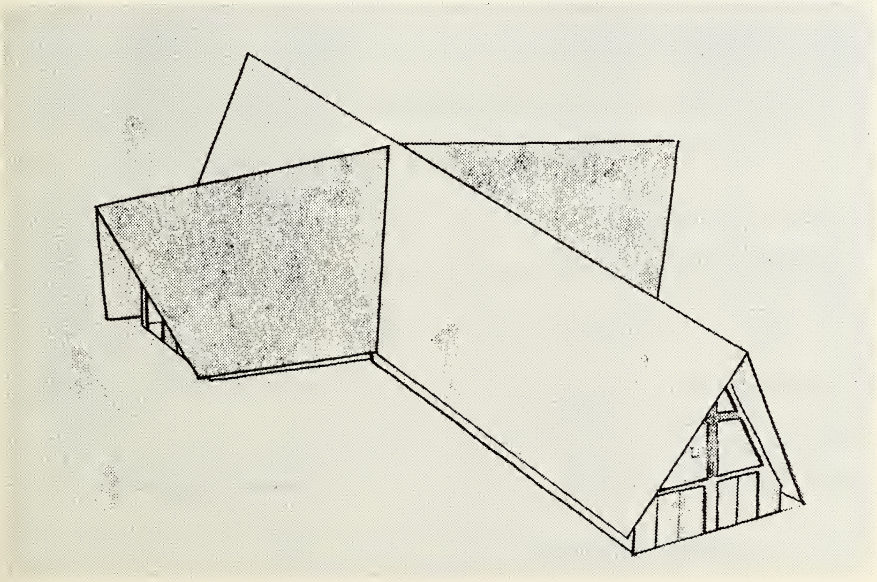
God says He made Adam from the dust of the earth and every creature "after its own kind." Why not believe this instead of the theory of a pseudoscience? How can anyone go through life aware of the trees and other plants and how they grow, the wild life and its ways, or the way a mother or animal gives birth to a baby and say there is no God, or that all this happened by sheer chance and a long process of changing from one form to another called evolution.

I agree with Dr. Bolton Davidheiser, Ph. D., of John Hopkins University, who states:

> Evolution has no answer to the riddle of life. I do not seek argument; I want an answer. Until science can provide me with one that will satisfy me better than the one I have found in God's Word, I shall stand my ground. I stand for the answer that accounts for everything and explains everything: 'In the beginning God created.'[1] [2]

[1] Hand, John R., Why I Accept the Genesis Record (Lincoln, Nebraska, 1972), p. 50.
[2] Hand, p. 58.

Mark Anderson
Honorable Mention Essay
Senior Division



INDEX

SHORT STORY

Tommy Douglas, "The Case of Captain James A. Anderson" 10
Wanda Cone, "Like Mother, Like Daughter" 22
Bill Sumrall, "The Gathering" 32
**Don Netherland, "The Runner"* 3

ESSAY

Michael Cupit, "Analysis of 'To His Coy Mistress' " 18
Joe Brown, "Nessus and The Truth" 28
Mark Anderson, "Evolution or God" 37
**Donna Barnes, "The Uncommon Americans"* 7

POETRY

Gene Powell, "American Introductions and White Sand Beaches" 17
Barbara Sutton, "Communication" 27
Vera Minor, "Intermittent Lovers" 31
**Easter Calvit, "Blues"* 5
**Sharon Smith, "Sundays"* 8
**Tammy J. Lyon, "Saga of Ambition"* 6

ILLUSTRATIONS

Johnny Thornton 8
Janice Tanner 9
Bruce Bethley 14
Jon Fuller 19
Jon Fuller 25
Wayne Page 30
Gayle Wallace 32
Peter Metts 39
Glen Wood Alexander ..... *Inside Back Cover*

* *Junior Division*